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PAGE 18.

THE SNOW-DROP:

OR,

FLORA'S LESSONS.

EDITED BY D. P. KIDDER.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY LANE & SCOTT,

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 200 MULBERRY-ST.

Joseph Longking, Printer.

1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1848, by LANE & TIPPETT, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court of the Southern Dis-
trict of New-York.

P R E F A C E.

MY little readers will think, with Flora, that it is a sad thing that nothing beautiful will stay; but, with Flora, they must be taught that this world is not our home. It is not so in the mansions which our Saviour has gone to prepare. There the beautiful will not die; for there death will never come. We will not grieve, then, because all things earthly are passing away. We shall find the beautiful and good, which we have mourned as lost, all *there*; there in the happy land, not lost, but only gone before. Let us be good, and no good will be lost to us.

and when I should like another one? I
should go back to my old home & make
myself useful there, and I would
not say no to such a place? And I am not
at all you desire me, when you are independent
of me? I suppose when you
are alone you will have the same
feeling as I suppose you have
when you are away from him, and
you will feel him still present;
but you need not do it, now, for
I am not in want, and the
present world seems to be full
of evil and sin.

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ГИДИО

занял первое место
важнейшими
известиями
разных родов для
этой же промышленности
как и в предыдущем
издании. Которое включает

THE SNOW-DROP.

FLORA'S FIRST LESSON.

SNOW-DROP PASSING AWAY.

LITTLE Flora saw the snow-drop
Softly on the window fall—
“Brother Charley, bring a cup;”
Thus did little Flora call.

“ Quickly lift the window up,
See them whirling round and round—
Brother Charley, catch that snow-drop,
Ere it falls upon the ground.

“ Thank you, thank you, give it me,
While you close the blind again ;
Quickly, Charley, for I see
That the snow-drop turns to rain.

“ O, I’m sorry ’twill not stay
In the cup all white and clear ;
Snow-drops, too, must have their way,
Or they turn into a tear.”

On her little cricket low
Flora sat, but could not play ;
Musing much why it was so—
Why the snow-drop pass’d away.



FLORA'S SECOND LESSON.

THE BIRD.

WHO taught you that song,
My sweet little bird ?
'Tis the prettiest tune that ever I heard,
I'm glad that you live
Through the cold winter day,
And sing in your cage,
So blithe and so gay.

Never mind, little bird, we will sing together,
For very soon now it will come warm weather ;
Your cage shall hang in the bright spring sun,
And Flora and you will have some fun.

Don't shut your eyes, as much as to say,
" 'Tis a great way off—the bright spring day."

It will come, little bird ; now listen to me ;
You and Flora will sing beneath the
green tree.

You and Flora will breathe the sweet
summer air,
Will see the bright flowers all blooming
so fair ;
Tune up, little bird, and sing for the day
When the snow and the winter-frost
passes away.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

“ It is passing away, it is passing away,
The snow-drop fair and the bright spring
day ;
The birds’ sweet note, and the flowers so
gay ;
They are passing away, they are passing
away.

“ They are passing away, they are passing
away ;
The lovelier still, the shorter their stay ;

Like the meteor blaze and the light'ning's
ray,
They are passing away, they are passing
away.

“Weep not, little girl, they are passing
away,
The spring-flowers' bloom, and the birds'
sweet lay ;
We bid them wait, but they will not
obey ;
They are passing away, they are passing
away.

“They are passing away, they are passing
away ;
Life's golden hours, its brief summer
day ;
O, what is so fleeting and transient as
they !
All passing away, all passing away.

"They are passing away, they are passing
away;
Use the time, little Flora, while use it
you may;
The voice of your conscience for ever
obey;
Time is passing away, it is passing away."

Thus sung the sweet bird through the
cold winter day:
"It is passing away, it is passing away;"
The night-fall came, and hush'd was his
lay;
He was passing away, was passing away.

The morning light came, so cold and gray,
But dead in his cage the little bird lay;
Flora smiled through her tears, but only
could say,
"All is passing away, is passing away."

FLORA'S THIRD LESSON.

THE GOLD FISHES

As Flora wiped her tears away,
And smiled with joyful glee;
A crystal globe beside her stood,
With little fishes three.

How beautiful their golden hue,
As, turning side to side,
They dart about in playful mood,
And through the water glide.

“I’m sure these will not go away!”
Our little Flora said;
For still she could not quite forget
That her sweet bird was dead.

“I never more shall hear his song,
So blithe and gay,” said she;
“Nor will my birdie ever look
Upon the bright green tree.

“ But these will play within the globe,
And I beneath the tree;
And other little birds, perhaps,
Will come and sing with me.”

But Flora had forgot the song,
The little bird’s last lay;
She did not dream that fishes too,
Like birds, could pass away.

But this she learn’d, for one by one
The little fishes died;
No more within the crystal globe
In playful mood they glide.



“ A poor unlucky child am I,”
Said Flora, in her grief;

“ For all I have will pass away,
Just like a fading leaf.”

Her mother offer'd her a rose,
To bloom in winter time ;
But Flora said, “ The rose will die
If I but *call* it mine.”

And Flora wept through many a day ;
“ Ah, sad it is to see,
How all that's lovely will not stay
But one short hour with me.”



FLORA'S FOURTH LESSON.*

DIALOGUE.

WHAT becomes of the snow, dear mamma,
As it falls from the gray winter sky;
For awhile it remains on the ground, I know,
But, mother, where next does it lie?

MOTHER.

It covers the ground awhile, my dear,
To shelter it from the cold;
'Tis a garment, my love, for the germs
of the flowers,
That wait for the spring to unfold.

FLORA.

But the snow-drops, ma, so very white,
Do they all go back again;
Or turn, like the one that cheated me so,
To large round drops of rain?

* See frontispiece.

MOTHER.

They melt, my dear, in the warm spring sun,
And moisten the frozen earth ;
And then they come up in the beautiful mist
That gives the bright rainbow its birth.

FLORA.

And are they not lost, dear mamma, in the ground,
Or alone in the wide-spreading air ;
'Tis a great way, ma, for a snow-drop to walk ;
And what does it do when 'tis there ?

MOTHER.

You saw them come down in white feather flakes,
And awhile on the winter sod lie ;
But in vapory mist, when the warm spring came,
They return'd to their home in the sky.

There, blended together, they form the
dark cloud

That gives us the soft spring rain ;
It falls to the earth, and the grass springs
up,

And the green trees blossom again.

“ God knows what is best,” thought Flo-
ra, as near

To the dead little fishes she stood ;
“ I cannot see why disappointments
should come ;
But our Father in heaven is good.”



FLORA'S FIFTH LESSON.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

“ My brother ! is it mine to keep,
My own dear little brother !
I’ve something now to love besides
My bird and fishes, mother.

“ Charley is grown too large to play
With little girls like me ;
But baby, ma, dear little one,
How cunning he will be !

“ But one year more, my dear mamma,
But one short little year,
And he will run about with me,
The funny little dear.

“ It seems a great long time, mamma ;
But it will soon be gone ;
Summer and autumn, winter, spring,
And he will run alone.”

Thus Flora talk'd with sparkling eyes,
And heart with pleasure gay,
And all forgotten was the song
Of flowers that pass away.

Of little birds that sing awhile
In summer's happy day ;
But often droop their wings and die
Ere summer speeds away.

Of sunny locks and sparkling eyes,
That in the cold grave lay,
Of "little ones" that quickly pass
With birds and flowers away.

And sadder still her lessons grew,
And harder still to learn ;
For Flora read the pages o'er
That every one must turn.

God has a book which we should read
With prayerful hearts each day ;
That we may know the reason why
No earthly good will stay.

It says this earth is not our home,
But we are strangers here,
And that our sojourn should be pass'd
With care and godly fear.

And every grief of mortal life
Should make this truth more clear;
This earth, this earth is not our home,
But we are strangers here.

The pleasant summer soon was gone,
The autumn pass'd away,
Once more upon the frozen ground
The snow of winter lay.

“ ‘Tis just one year, my dear mamma.
One year I think to-day,”
Said Flora, “ since my little bird
From winter pass'd away.

“ Do you suppose that to the bowers
Where it is always day,
Where no night comes, our little bird
Has wing'd his happy way ?

“ The birds, you know, my dear mamma,
Love not the winter snow,
And in the happy land above
No wint’ry tempests blow.

“ I guess he flew a great way off,
Beyond the silver star,
To that bright home of which we read
In God’s own book, mamma !

“ ’Tis better to be there than here—
I’m sure it must be so ;
No sighing there, my dear mamma,
No sin nor tears, you know.

“ I’ll think no more about my bird,
The little brother dear
Will make up every loss to me,
And spring will soon be here.

“ Spring with its grass and early flowers,
Spring with its blossoms gay :
’Tis true they die, I know it well ;
The flowers all pass away.

“ But then my little brother grows,
And he will live and bloom
When all the lovely summer flowers
Have found an early tomb.”

Thus thought poor Flora, but, alas !
We must not fill our cup
With earthly treasures, earthly joys,
Nor yet with earthly hope.

And this hard lesson she must learn ;
God saw that it was best ;
And so he laid the baby dear
Within the grave to rest.

Before the springing of the grass,
Before the buds could bloom,
The little one was softly laid
Within the narrow tomb.

And Flora thought, with bursting heart,
About the birdie’s lay ;
She had not dream’d that brother too
Like him would pass away.

FLORA'S SIXTH LESSON.

DIALOGUE.

I WOULD not mind it much, mamma,
That birds and fishes die,
I've learn'd to see the spring-flowers
droop

Without a single sigh.

But mother, dear, I cannot bear
To think that little head
Is lying on the cold earth's sod,
And hear you call him dead.

Ah, *dead!* it is a dreadful word,
Mamma, pray let me weep:
O how I wish that I could go
And with my brother sleep !

MOTHER.

Has Flora forgotten the beautiful land
Where the innocent live evermore,
Where the bright flowers bloom, and the
sweet birds sing,
And the rude storms of winter are o'er ?

And why should you think of your brother as dead ?

It is true that he sleeps in the ground,
But his spirit and body again will unite
When the last loud trumpet shall sound.

Even now he is singing the praises of Him
Who came little children to save,
Who gives them salvation from sorrow
and sin,
And victory o'er death and the grave.

FLORA.

I know it, dear mother, I know he has
gone

To the beautiful land afar,
That lies in its loveliness far beyond
The moon and the evening star.

But tell me, dear mother, why couldn't
he stay

In this cold winter land of ours ?
Can we live, dear mother, when all are
dead,
The baby, the birds, and the flowers.

MOTHER.

O yes, my dear little Flora, we can,
If our heavenly Father will stay ;
If he takes not his light from the chil-
dren of men,
No darkness can come to their day.

We must learn, my dear child, to love,
better than all,
The will of our Father above ;
No treasure on earth should be dear to
our heart
As the light of his heavenly love.

He will teach us this lesson, my dear lit-
tle girl,
Though each chord from the heart
should be riven,
That we may be saved from the love of
the world,
And live with the ransom'd in heaven.

THE END.







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